

The Rutherford Star.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—DAVY CROCKETT.

VOL. IV.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

NO. 17

[From the Roanoke News.]
To Lillie.

KENNETH BRISAK WALKER.
O! I know of a maiden
Who richly is laden
With virtues that make her divine;
She's brighter by far
Than the gold-planet star,
That loveth at evening to shine!
In her innocent heart
There lurketh no art—
As a rose doth it seem in its bloom;
Her soul rises pure,
The closer we view her—
Classe as icicles dip in perfume.
In her beautiful black eye
Hallow'd thoughts ever lie;
In her speech there are goodness and grace
From Heaven I'd turn,
Where lamps brightly burn,
To dwell on her classical face.
Should her spring-life be chilly,
Or on her cheek come and lily,
Yet the crimson shall, luxuriously reign;
The red flag of health,
With its garland of wealth,
I would plant in the blue of her vein.
I've heard her sweet voice—
O! it made me rejoice
To gaze upon one ever kind;
And her graces of speech
Did truly me teach
To adore her brightness of mind.
I love not the vain,
Nor proud ocean's strain,
But the valley, violet, lake!
Soft sighs as the breeze—
Not loud sounding seas—
By such will my spirit awake!
Not the high, but the meek,
Such as Lillie I seek—
Not gaudy nor glossy attire;
Loud noise of thunder
Doth awaken the wonder,
Not so is the tone of the lyre.
There's charm in the star,
That twinketh afar—
There's love in the sky when serene;
Expressions angelic,
And thought so electric,
When maidens are modest in mien.
Thou art then like the star,
That smiteth so far;
Thou art lovely as blue on the sky.
O! I wish not to look—
In no other book,
Could I catch but a glimpse of thine eye.
When I saw thee I knew
There were some—only few—
Of such kindness, beauty and love;
What they tell me is true,
There are others, as you,
But such are the scraps above!
Forgive me, sweet Miss,
For writing you this,
'Tis friendship I offer to you;
I ever would guide you,
I never would sadden
A Lillie so fair and so true!
Though no more I see thee,
Still ever believe me,
I'll plead for thy pleasures and life:
That thy sky in its hue
May ever be blue,
Free from shadow, sorrow or strife.
May contentment and joy,
With an alloy,
Smile on thee forever, fair Miss;
And when Heaven in love,
Shall call thee above,
Silver-wing thee in thy transit to bliss!
MURFREESBORO, N. C. May 1, 1870.

The Husband Outwitted. OR Two Can Play at that Game.

A week at the watering place, and most of the time each day spent in the company of Mr. Manwell, the gentleman Miss Elsworth's old friend, Ned Whittaker, had introduced to her one morning on the piazza. She had sailed with him, had strolled with him, or ridden with him along the shores on the moonlight evenings, and she had danced with him in the thronged drawing rooms.

Miss Elsworth was not a flirt, who distributed her likings among many gentlemen; and she had found her ideal well nigh realized in Mr. Manwell. Only the evening before, their talk had withdrawn itself from general topics, which to each other had been congenial, and in her admiration of his intelligence and manliness, she had encouraged an approach to that personal sort of conversation which relates to love and matrimony.

And now, to find Mr. Manwell this morning, with his coat off and Smith's apron on, engaged in mending a lock! He was doing it publicly. The lock was on the door that led to the middle of the front piazza, where the fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen were sitting or promenading.

His back was toward her as she approached, leaning on the arm of her friend, Annie West. She recognized him, looked intently at him, gave her companion over to a party of young ladies near,

and then stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you like that sort of work Mr. Manwell?"

"I do, Miss Elsworth. I believe I am a natural mechanic."

"It appears odd to see you doing this."

"It is my trade," he replied, rising from his work and turning to her.

Her cheek blanched a little.—

"Your trade?" she said faintly.

"My trade, Miss Elsworth. The proprietor said the lock needed mending, and I told him I could mend it for him."

The party of girls came along just then. After wondering at Mr. Manwell awhile, and laughing at him, they proposed a ride.—

There were three carriages among them all; these would take the party.

Ned Whittaker here joined them.

"What the deuce are you about here?" he exclaimed to Mr. Manwell.

"Ah," he added, as the latter turned and glanced at him; "but while you are here you might as well enjoy yourself."

Mr. Manwell excused himself from joining the party, and they all went away leaving him to complete his work.

Miss Elsworth left him without a word at parting.

"It is well," he muttered to himself. "If she cannot take me as I am she is not worthy of me."

The woman that marries me must take me for myself."

He stood and looked after her until she had disappeared. She did not once turn to look back.

He gave his shoulder a shrug, compressed his lips, uttered a cynical "humph!" and turned to finish his work.

"Let it be so," he muttered, when he was through, and was putting on his coat. "I thought perhaps I had found a woman after my own heart. But let it be so. Amidst this world of wealth and fashion, she, too, has lost her soul. Let her go."

He avoided her thereafter. He did not seek to catch her eye for a bow of recognition. When she entered the drawing-room where he was, he would go out by another way. But he was more than ever in the company of Ned Whittaker. Ned in passing to and fro between Miss Elsworth and him, served still as a sort of link between them.

"You are a cynical fellow," said Ned one day. "Why don't you take people as they are? You will find good enough in them."

"But they won't take me as I am; that is the trouble."

"Pooh! You see yourself that she allows no other suitors to accompany her. Don't you see that she is alone, or with the girls most of the time?"

"Her heart is full of vanity."

"Pshaw! She is trained to luxurious notions, that's all."

Manwell's trunk was awaiting him and the stage, outside on the Piazza, at the time this conversation was going on. On the trunk were his initials, "G. M." Miss Elsworth passing that way saw the initials—not by chance, for she had been very busy scrutinizing the trunks that lay together in a pile—and when she saw the initials she started and turned pale.

She recovered herself, and withdrew with her companions a little way, and then stood still and watched. Soon Manwell came out with Ned, upon the piazza.—

He chance to turn his eyes toward her, and their eyes met—met for the first time since she had left him while he was at work on the lock. She did not turn away her eyes. She bowed. He approached her and bid her good-bye.

What the conversation was, that ensued between the two when they were left alone, by means of Ned's ingenuity in spitting away

the rest of the company, is unknown, save the following:

"But I am a locksmith," said Manwell.

"No matter."

"Are you willing to live the wife of one who, with his hands earns his daily bread?"

"I am willing to undergo anything to be with you. I have suffered enough. During these last few days I have learned what it is to despair of being mated to the one I love."

"But your mother—your father?"

"Unless I am willing to leave them for your sake I am not worthy of you."

But the loss of wealth, position of the surroundings of refinement?

"Do not say anything more. I am willing to leave all for your sake. I am weary of being with-

out speaking."

"Would you be willing to become my wife this day, this hour? Your father and mother might throw obstacles in your way?"

"I am willing this hour—this minute."

"They still think you are wealthy as I did."

"Come, then, we will go our way with Ned Whittaker, and become before the world what we now are in spirit—husband and wife; and then, at once, we will take the cars for the home I have for you—a home which, though lowly, you will make happy."

"Whither you go I will go."

They were married in a quiet way in the little watering place chapel, with the wicked Ned Whittaker conniving at the mischief. The next train sped them to the city.

"I will show you to the shop where I work," said Mr. Manwell when the carriage which they took at the depot had drawn up before one of a long line of brown stone houses, in a splendid part of the city.

"What do you mean?" she demanded, as she accompanied her husband up the broad steps at the door.

"Mean," he replied, "that this is the home, and this the workshop."

And he led her in, and among other rooms to which he conducted his wife, was one fitted up as a workshop, where, as he said, he was accustomed to indulge his love for mechanical work, after having he assured her, regularly served his time at learning a trade.

Mrs. Manwell stood and looked at him intently.

"This is your house?" she asked.

"Yes madam."

"And you are not poor, but rich?"

"You speak the truth, Mrs. Manwell."

"And why do you play the jest upon me?"

"To see whether you really loved me for my own sake."

"Ah, pretty, indeed! And suppose you do not love me?"

"But I do."

"Humph!"

So there was a little family quarrel on the spot.

"Now invite your father and mother to come and see us," said Manwell, after the clouds had somewhat cleared away.

"I will," she replied—"I will. But first you must go with me to see them, and pacify them in view of what we have done."

"Very well."

In a few days they started out in the carriage on their errand.—

Mrs. Manwell gave the directions to the driver, and her husband could not help expressing his wonder at the increasing squalor of the neighborhood through which they rode. The carriage drew up

before a miserable looking tenement house, and stopped.

"Where the deuce are you taking me?" asked Mr. Manwell, looking sharply at his wife.

"Come and see," she replied, as she proceeded to step from the carriage.

"Here, wait," he exclaimed, after his first hesitancy, let me get out first and help you out. What does this mean?"

"Follow me," was her reply. She led him up stairs—up, up, through throngs, and dirt, and smells, to the fourth story. Here she opened the door without knocking, and the two entered.—

The women were dressed neatly, and so were the children, but they were all dressed very poorly, in keeping with the place. The man was clad more carelessly, and even more poorly. On his head he kept his hat, which certainly, was full half a dozen years old.

"My husband, Mr. Manwell; my father and mother, brothers and sisters," said Mrs. Manwell, introducing all parties.

Manwell stood and stared without speaking.

"Ask their pardon, George."

"For running away with me."

"Who are they?"

"Have I not told you; didn't I introduce you?"

"Who were those at the watering place?"

"Some wealthy people, who had seen me at the milliner's where I sewed for a livelihood—served my trade, George—and fancied my appearance, dressed me up, and took me there with them."

"You jest."

"Do I? Do I indeed? These people seemed to recognize me as a daughter and a sister. Jest, indeed!—You will find that out."

"You are too cultivated, too tasteful, too fine-featured!" "All this," said Mrs. Manwell, "a milliner may be, or a sewing girl.—Look for your self among the class. Is it not true? All that we girls need is dress."

Mr. Manwell lifted his fist and dashed it through the air. He ground his teeth, and, turning away, left the room, slamming the door violently behind him.

His wife took off her hat and cloak, and flung herself down at a table and buried her face in her handkerchief.

The door opened again, and Manwell put in his head.

"You have deceived me," he said, "but come, you are my wife I will try and bear it."

She sprang to her feet and confronted him.

"Your wife, am I?" she exclaimed, "and doomed to live with one who does not love her, but was in love with her circumstances! No, sir, you may go; I will not live a wife unloved for myself—you must take me thus, or I will stay. Still I can work."

He closed the door and retired down stairs to the street, clenching his hands and his teeth as he went.

"The horrible disgrace of it," he muttered. The derision that will be my lot, and then to marry such a girl!

But at the street door he tarried. He had to struggle with himself all alone. Suddenly he turned and dashed impetuously up the stairs, flung open the door of the room, seized his wife in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"My wife," he whispered in her ear; "such you are and ever shall be, before God and before the world."

"Now I begin to think that you love me," she said smilingly in his face. "You do love me?—You really think you do, George?"

He clasped her more tightly to him.

"Come then," said she, "though

of such parents as these, poor as they are, I should not feel ashamed—yet they are not my parents, but have only played a part in which I have instructed them.—

Shake hands with them George they are worthy people."

And he did shake hands with them, and what is more, he helped them.

A merry party was gathered that evening at Manwell's house, a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Manwell, and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, and young lady acquaintances of the watering place, and Ned Whittaker. Ned never was in better spirits, nor, let it be stated, were Mr. and Mrs. Elsworth, who forgave their daughter and her husband without hesitation.

"I say, George," said Ned, whispering in Manwell's ear, "two can play at that game, can't they?"

Manwell took Ned's jeering very soberly. "Yes," said he, after a few moments of thoughtfulness, "and the experience has taught me a lesson. What fools the pride of wealth makes of us all. I thought she ought to have taken me regardless of my circumstances, for myself alone, and without hesitation even. And yet, when she tested me, I, myself, was found wanting. Shall we ever learn to disregard a person's occupation, and to look only at the character and the soul?"

Mr. Whittaker shrugged his shoulders dubiously.

"I think I have learned the lesson, Mr. Manwell added."

What did Paul say!

Many years since there lived in Virginia a Baptist preacher, named B.—

Though uneducated, he was a sound thinker and eloquent speaker, and no minister had a more devoted flock. It was the custom during the inclement season to hold meeting at the residence members, and once or twice during the winter, at the house of the preacher. For many years it was observed that B. neither preached or conducted the meeting when held at his house, but secured the services of some neighboring minister. He was often pressed for an explanation without success; but finally, in response to the importunities of some of his flock, gave the following:

"When I was much younger than now—in fact, not long after the commencement of my ministry—I held a meeting at my own house. It being customary for many of the congregation to remain for dinner, Mrs. B. sent our negro boy, Tim, to neighbor Paul's for some butter. Tim returned and located himself, standing on one foot at a time, in the out skirts of the congregation.—

Being warmed up in my sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand but only of the most successful mode of pressing upon my hearers one of my strongest arguments, I demand, with all the energy in power, 'And what did Paul say?' Tim, at the top of his little speaking exclaimed, as Tim only could have done, 'He told you couldn't get any more butter till you paid for what you'd got!'

This brought down the house, and cut down one of the finest efforts of my early ministry. Since then I have kept my preaching disconnected from my domestic affairs."

Idle Girls.

It is a painful spectacle, in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their music, their fancy work, and their reading beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities; but, as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty growing weary of their useless lives, lay hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their

drooping energies, and blaming their fate when they dare not blame their God for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real,) that poor, dear mamma is working herself to death, yet no sooner do you propose that she should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element, in short that she would never be happy if she had only half so much to do.

A Burst of Eloquence.

Western eloquence continues to improve. A Western reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large, unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes upon the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in the glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of the night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim, and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the Jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this fair maiden, whose smiles shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give."

The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

Housing Manure.

There is little doubt but that twenty-five per cent of all the manure in New-England, and fifty per cent of all at the West, is wasted for lack of shelter.

During the winter, in some sections, barn-cellars furnish all that is desirable as to place and protection; but not more than one farmer in five, in any average New-England town, has one of these most desirable apartments.

The general practice is, to throw what is dropped in the stables out through a small hole cut in the side of the barn—generally making the deposit directly under the eaves, so that, whatever the rain can wash away, it is helped to do in the most effective and complete manner.

All this should be changed, and must be before the farmers of our country will realize the highest return for their investments and their labor.

Experience has long since demonstrated that four months of rain and sun on any manure-heap, or on any yard set apart for the purpose of making manure, decreases the value of the fertilizing material nearly, if not quite, one half. How can this loss be made less, or the waste be saved altogether?

Of course where there is a barn-cellar, and an abundance of muck or loam is spread over the bottom in the fall, the saving is at once and completely accomplished. Where there is no barn-cellar, a roof can be joined to the main building, and be made to jut out ten or twenty feet, as the circumstances may require, under which the stable manure may be deposited without large loss.

But most needed of all is a covering for our summer cattle-yards. What is their present condition? Suppose a farmer has a dozen cows. Each day, an hour before the setting of the sun, they are driven into the barn-yard, there

to remain for the next twelve hours, and to deposit most of the food, in another form, that has been gathered from the fields during the day. If this could be all saved and returned again to these same fields, it would produce as much animal food, and, under some circumstances, considerably more than was required to furnish the material thus deposited.

Instead thereof, at least three quarters of the worth of this manure is dried out by the summer sun, or washed out by the summer showers or the winter storms, till, the next spring, when it is taken from the barn-yard to the corn-fields, it is almost worthless, and the whole summer grazing of a large farm is measurably lost.

Our barn-yards should be covered, or the manure should be gathered each day into a pile. Some cheap yet durable roofing over this would pay for itself every two years—possibly each year. It would certainly do so if all the liquid deposit was absorbed by a plentiful supply of muck or loam.

We deem this matter of such importance that we shall recur to the subject in a future number, wherein styles and material will be suggested.

Singular Tenures.

The tenures by which estates are held in England (says *Once a Week*) are occasionally very singular. Here is an out-of-the-way instance: One Solomon Attfield held lands at Repland and Atterton, in Kent, upon condition that, as often as the king should cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs should accompany him, in order that they might "hold his head," if his gracious majesty were unfortunately visited with sea-sickness. Take another example: In the reign of Edward III, one John Compes had the manor of Finchfield given to him as a reward for his arduous services at the king's coronation—which services consisted in turning the spit in the royal kitchen. I recently met with another instance, which is *appropos* to the Christmas season. At Langsett, in the parish of Poulston, York shire, there is a farm called the Broad House, and the tenure by which it is held is, that it shall pay to the landlord every year a red rose at Christmas, and a snowball at midsummer. The Christmas rose can be readily procured; but, as a genuine snowball is not easily obtainable at midsummer, the guelder rose (which is called by cottagers the snowball) is allowed as a substitute.

At Home.

The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflinching, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and every-where—purity of soul with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

Family clubs, where gentlemen go with their wives and daughters, are getting popular in Paris.

THE STAR.

J. B. CARPENTER. N. W. LOGAN.
CARPENTER & LOGAN.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
RUTHERFORD, N. C.
SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1870.
REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL HON. S. F. PHILLIPS, OF WAKE COUNTY. COUNTY MASS MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the Republicans of Rutherford county, at Rutherfordton, on Saturday 11th June, to nominate candidates for the different county offices. Let there be a full turnout. Let each township hold meetings, and send delegates, and then let every Republican who can come.

The 11th May Convention.

We were opposed to the 11th May Convention, because we believed, that it was "conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity," and we have seen no reason to regret, or relinquish our opposition. True the Convention was largely attended, and many of the leading Republicans of the State, went to it, and participated in its deliberations, but at the same time, we do not believe that they conscientiously approved the holding of the Convention, but went from pure and honest motives, hoping that good might be accomplished, and evil prevented; and we can commend the acts of such men, believing that they went into this Convention with honesty of purpose, while they disapproved of the manner and spirit in which it was called.

Of the numerous resolutions, adopted by the Convention, we have but little to say, they are in spirit and principle very appropriate, and have the ring of true Republicanism, but the endorsing of the Holden policy, we are obliged to condemn as unwise, and unfortunate for the Republican party in this State, and we must express our deep regret, and utter surprise, that men of ability, intelligence, and apparent firmness, will allow themselves to be duped and led to the edge of ruin, by this man in whom no one has confidence.

Privately, there is scarcely a man of ability and standing in the State, but what condemns the unwise and reckless policy of Gov. Holden; publicly they seem to fear him, and in a measure submit to be duped into endorsing that which they do not at heart approve.

We do not believe this state of things will continue any great while, if it should, the Republican party in this State must necessarily go down, but we believe that there are enough honest Republicans in the State, who see the approaching danger, that will yet take hold of the oars and save the good old ship from utter ruin, and we believe they are only waiting a fit time to strike.

It cannot be denied that the course of Gov. Holden, has seriously crippled the Republican party in the State, and his course has well nigh broken it down in the great West. The people have no confidence in him, and the honest portion of the Republican party have none, and we cannot see the wisdom of humoring his selfish ambition, at the hazard of breaking down the party; we think it impolitic, and cannot endorse any such course.

The time for the election is drawing near, and we hope that the Republicans throughout the State, will unite as one man in the coming contest. If we can be successful in this campaign, we can by wisdom and honesty, heal past evils, right the wrongs, and again place the party upon a safe and prosperous footing, to this end we promise to bind our whole energies and influence.

We shall give precedence during the coming campaign, to the local interests of the party, and leave the discussion of past matters for a future day.

We heartily endorse the nomination of Mr. Phillips, believing him to be a man of honesty, integrity and ability, and we know of no man that is better fitted for this important position.

Mr. Phillips was an old line Whig, and a consistent union man during the late civil war, and now unites himself with the great Republican party, would that all the leading Republicans in the State could show such a record as Mr. Phillips. Let every Republican give his vote and influence for his election.

Congressional Convention.

Some time ago we proposed the calling of a Convention of the Republicans of the 7th Congressional district, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress, and proposed Marion as the most suitable place, but fixed no time for the holding of such Convention; our neighbor of the "Pioneer," seemed to think that the time had not come, for holding a Convention, and not being disposed to be contentious, we let the matter rest. For a few weeks past, we have received numerous letters from our friends in the different counties in the district, urging the call of the Convention. The Republicans of McDowell, as may be seen by reference to the proceedings of their meeting, as published in to-day's STAR, approve the holding of a Convention, and suggest Marion as the most suitable place.

We do not think there is any time to be lost, the enemy are at work, and it behooves the Republicans to be preparing to meet them; we therefore propose, that a convention of the Republicans of this district, be held at Marion, on Tuesday the 14th day of June next, and hope that every county in the district, will hold meetings and send their delegates to the Convention. We trust our neighbor of the "Pioneer" will agree with us, and use his influence to secure a full representation of all the counties in the district.

We do not think any reasonable objection, can be made either as to the time or place.

We must have unity of action, and a feeling of harmony and enthusiasm in our ranks, with this assurance, we can proceed, fearing no enemy, and with a certainty of victory.

Again we urge it upon the Republicans of the district, to hold meetings in every County, and send a full delegation of their best men.

Let this Convention be, the grand Convention of the Republicans, of the 7th Congressional District.

District and County Convention.

We would remind the Republicans of this Senatorial District, that the convention to nominate a candidate for the Senate, will be held in this place Saturday, the 11th day of June. Let every Township in Cleveland, Rutherford and Polk counties send delegates to this convention.

We would also remind the Republicans of Rutherford county, that on the same day a county convention will be held, to nominate candidates for the different county offices.

We urge the Republicans to go to work in earnest, hold meetings in every Township, and encourage the people to turn out in mass.

We have a stubborn enemy to contend with, and to ensure success, we must have unity of action, harmony and enthusiasm, with this we can be certain of success.

A smart Yankee old lady being called into court as witness grew impatient at the questions put to her, and told the judge that she would quit the stand, for he was "rally one of the most inquisitive old gentlemen she had ever seen."

During the delivery of a lecture by Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker, in Kansas, a few days ago a precious youth in the audience cried out, "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No!" was the ready answer, but your mother had a little jackass!"

Letter from the U. S. Marshal.

OFFICE OF U. S. MARSHAL, Raleigh, May 16, 1870.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to speak through you to my fellow-citizens of North Carolina in regard to the matter of the 9th census. This interesting and useful work to all of our people will be commenced and carried on from the first day of June, and all returns will be given into the Assistant Marshals as of that day. This is a great work, and entered into by all the civilized nations of the globe. It is a wise scheme and no nation can neglect it without serious injury. The Government of the United States in its grand march of progress and power unequalled by none, has deemed it of great importance to her welfare that at each decade we should pause and examine our resources and strength as a nation. The good old State of North Carolina is peculiarly interested in having a full and complete census at this time. By it we think our representation in Congress will be increased at least one member, since representation in that body is regulated according to the ratio of population in each of the States and of course the only way to get at our number is by means of the census. It was in this way that Moses led the hosts of Israel through the wilderness to the Promised Land, being well posted as to his own strength as well as of his enemies. By it our resources will be brought to light, which have for ages been hid from the public. Our agricultural facilities, the variety and richness of our minerals, our healthful climate, our immense fisheries—in short, every thing that would conduce to our prosperity and happiness as a people, would stand out to public gaze and invite hither an industrious and enterprising population, which our State so much needs. The last census (1860) makes this remarkable showing—that North Carolina was the only State in the Union that had something to put in every column of the blank furnished for the census of all the States. A full census will also secure for North Carolina a larger ratio of currency for circulation—a larger banking capital, and make money more plentiful.

We have a great State, but on account of the modesty of our people, it is but little known to the outside world. It is our sincere desire, that each section should make a full and complete showing of all things, even in minute detail, that justice may be done to all. The Assistant Marshals will have three months to complete the census, while the Government of Great Britain takes the census of her vast domain in one day, so perfect is their system for this work. It is the duty and to the interest of every North Carolinian to render all the aid in his power to encourage the enumerators in this great and good work. Let us have credit for what belongs to us. Unless we take some pains to make known our resources, we will be left far behind in this age of onward progress to wealth and to glory.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL T. CARROW,
U. S. Marshal for the Dist. of N. C.

Mr. Cobb on the Distribution of Appointments.

A few days ago our ever vigilant Member of Congress, Hon. C. L. Cobb, in making a speech upon the Civil Service Bill, said:

I ask the Clerk to read an amendment, in the nature of an additional section, which I propose to offer at the proper time. The Clerk read as follows:

And be it further enacted, That the commission shall cause to be prepared the number of employees of all grades required in the Departments at Washington, and that in the appointments to the same an equal number shall be given to each of the congressional districts of the States and Territories: Provided, however, If there be no applicant from a congressional district from which a vacancy is to be filled, the head of the Department may supply the same from candidates at large, having due regard to fitness, character, &c.

He then added:

Now, Mr. Speaker, in case this bill passes and becomes a law, and there is to be a reform in the civil service, I say, then let these offices be open to the youth of the country. Just now there is an unjust and illiberal discrimination against many of the States of this Union in the distribution of these offices in and around Washington city. I have taken pains to have caused to be prepared a statement showing how unjustly and unfairly my own State and other States in the South have been treated, not by the heads of Departments, but by the iniquitous operation of the present system.

This is a move in the right direction, and we think Mr. Cobb is deserving the thanks of the Republicans of the South for calling attention to this unfairness, and taking steps to get the wrong rectified.—North Carolinian.

For the Rutherford Star.

Republican Meeting.

MARION, McDOWELL Co., N. C., May 5th, 1870.

A Republican Meeting was held in Marion, McDowell County, N. C., on 5th inst.:

On motion of W. F. Craig, J. H. Duncan was appointed Chairman, and D. O. H. Gillespie, Secretary.

W. F. Craig, arose and explained the object of the Meeting and introduced the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the Chairman appoint five delegates to represent McDowell County, in the State, Republican Convention, to be held in the city of Raleigh, on the 11th inst., and that he appoint the same number to represent the County, in the Convention to nominate a candidate for the Senate.

Resolved, That we suggest Marion, as the most central point for the meeting of the Congressional Convention, to be held at an early day.

Resolved, That we unhesitatingly express our decided preference for the Hon. Tod R. Caldwell, as our choice for Congress at the coming August election.

Resolved, That we suggest the third Saturday in June, as the day to nominate County candidates; and ask the Republicans to select and send delegates from every Township in the County, to meet in Marion on that day.

Resolved, That our confidence in Republican principles is undiminished.

Resolved, That we are in favor of strict economy and rigid accountability, in the administration of public affairs and a reduction of the present salaries of officers.

Resolved, That we are in favor of perfecting and sustaining the public school system of the State, for both races.

FOR THE CONVENTION IN RALEIGH.

C. L. S. Copenney, W. A. McCall, W. F. Craig, J. L. Pool and Dr. W. W. Gilbert.

CONGRESSIONAL.

C. L. S. Copenney, W. F. Craig, J. W. McCall, Marens Greenlee and J. L. Pool.

SENATORIAL.

J. W. McCall, D. M. Washburn, W. F. Craig, C. L. S. Copenney and W. A. McCall.

Resolved, That these resolutions be forwarded to the Asheville Pioneer, and Rutherford Star, for publication.

J. H. DUNCAN, Chm'n.
D. O. H. W. GILLESPIE, Sec.

Disastrous Fire in Henderson, N. C.—Nearly the whole Town in Ashes.

A terrible calamity has fallen upon the citizens of the town of Henderson, in Granville county, about which we have been able to obtain the following brief information:

About three o'clock Monday morning the storehouse belonging to Deban was discovered to be on fire. Immediately means were employed to stifle the flames, but all in vain. Before any efficient remedy could be used a brisk breeze sprung up and caused the sparks and flames to communicate with buildings on the opposite side of the street. The attempt to stay the furious element then became worse than folly.—Every house was consumed from the store of L. H. Kittle, Esq., to the residence of Mr. West Keavis, on either side of the street, and nearly all the stores and dwellings between this street and the railroad.

The fire continued to rage until about six o'clock, and only ceased when there was nothing more within its reach to be consumed. It is fully believed to be the work of an incendiary. Many goods and articles of furniture were saved from the different dwellings but in the hurry and confusion the things rescued were badly damaged. We have heard of no loss of life or personal injury.

The stores of Messrs. Burwell and Parhad, D. E. Young, R. Lassiter & Co., James H. Lassiter, L. H. Kittle, P. W. Wyche, John E. Clark, J. G. Saunders, Edward Fasnach, Henry T. Watkins, Benjamin Travis and Walter C. Harris were burned to the ground.—Capt. I. J. Young is thought to have sustained the heaviest loss.

The entire loss is estimated at about seventy-five thousand dollars. Insurance, in all, about twenty-five thousand dollars.

In our next issue we may be able to give a detailed account of the calamity.—Standard.

Miles McIntyer, col., Buncombe, had his house burned, and was ordered to leave the county or his life would be in danger. He has gone to Asheville, and is afraid to return to his plantation.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 12th, 1870.

The most of the time for the past two or three days in the House, has been taken up in filibustering over the Senate joint resolution, authorizing the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to issue bonds for the construction of its road, and secure the same by mortgage.

The land grabbers were, at first jubilant over the belief that this resolution had been secured to put it through a-kitting; and, without doubt, if a vote had been taken on the first, on its final passage, it would have passed. The fact that the chairman of the Pacific Railroad Committee was opposed to an amendment, (which would have been the only redeeming clause in the bill) providing that the lands granted to the road should be disposed of to none, except actual settlers, and to them, at a price not exceeding \$2.50 per acre, caused the opponents of the bill to take every advantage of their situation; and consequently, much time has been spent in making motions, and in calling the yeas and nays. It would seem almost incredible to outsiders if apprised of the fact that more than a million of dollars every year is paid out in lobbying Railroad bills through Congress. Ex-Congressmen seem to be well represented in the lobby. Not long since, I understood that a prominent Ex-M. C., who strongly favors this land grant system, was heard to brag that there was more money in the "Third House," and it was quite as honorable as belonging to the Second. This Northern Pacific grant, only one of the many grants either made or in a fair way of being made, has already granted them nearly equal in area to two states like Ohio.

It has alternate sections on either side of their road eighty miles in width, equal, solid, to about forty miles extending (say through Minnesota, which is reduced one half) over the entire length of the road.

The propositions of Messrs. Sumner, and Morrill, to make a change in the U. S. Patent laws to the effect, that the Government shall have the right to take and use such invention as it chiefs may deem necessary without compensating the inventor, has caused quite a movement among many of our inventors here, who have devoted years of study to accomplish results of great value, intended for Government use only.

A Military Officer stationed in Dacotah, writes to Washington that in reference to the report, that there were from ten to twenty thousand Sioux on the War path, that he knows that the whole tribe consists of only eight thousand, and of that number only about eighteen hundred are warriors; and that they are only threatening hostilities to induce the Government to fulfill the treaty stipulation made with them (Sioux).

We hope this officer is correct, and that the Government will at once fulfill their agreement with the Sioux. This officer, it seems however is not sanguine that we may not have trouble with the Indians; for in showing the distribution of forty-one hundred troops now in his territory, he intimates that General Sheridan is in readiness to take command whenever an Indian War break out. General Sheridan is emphatically in favor of the reservation system, and a strong military force to protect the agents, and the Indians from the encroachments of the white settlers.

The people of the city read with special interest, all the fine speeches which are made in Congress, from time to time, in the promotion of Education, and think it fully time that some definite effort were made to promote the cause in the National Capital, when Congress has never yet appropriated one dollar to the support of schools, although, more than one half the entire school population of the city are children of the employees, clerks, or other persons connected with Government, who own no property here and pay no taxes. As a result, the school facilities are very inadequate, and the schools, which should be

models for the Nation, are absolutely discreditable. Not but that the teachers and other school officers may be as efficient here as elsewhere, but there are not enough of them, and not enough buildings, and many of those we have, are quite unfit for the purpose, some having been condemned as nuisances by the Board of Health. In many of these ill constructed hovels, fifty and sometimes sixty little children are daily congregated in charge of one teacher.

LIFE

A NEW QUESTION.—"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do men want to get married as much as the women?"

"Pshaw! what are you talking about?"

"Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

Town Ordinances.

The Commissioners of the Town of Rutherfordton do ordain:

1. That all persons living within the incorporated limits of said town, be and they are hereby required to work on the streets and roads in said town six days in each year, or forfeit and pay to the Mayor 75 cents for each day that they may fail so to work, to be used for and recovered as other taxes and fines are: Provided, that in the discretion of the Mayor, such work may be rendered by substitute.

2. That any person or persons who shall engage in any fight, riots, or unlawful assemblies, or who shall be guilty of unbecoming conduct or make use of unbecoming language or shall curse or swear, or loud talk to the annoyance of the citizens of said town, shall be fined at the discretion of the Mayor not to exceed twenty five dollars.

3. That if any person shall discharge any fireworks, except in cases of actual necessity, or by permission of the Mayor, within the following boundaries, viz: commencing at the Blacksmith shop on the Hickory cut road, then a straight line to the west side of A. H. Roberts' lot, then a straight line to the Twenty first road, 100 yards west of Mrs. Gerbel's, then a straight line to the bridge south of J. M. Justices' residence, then with said bridge 45 yards east, then a straight line to the land of G. H. Jones Creek, near the Mineral Spring, then with said creek to a point opposite the Male Academy, then to the beginning, shall pay a fine of \$1 for each offence.

4. That any person or persons, who shall engage in driving, racing or running horses through the streets, at such speed as to endanger life or property, shall be at the discretion of the Mayor not to exceed five dollars.

5. That if any person or persons shall allow his or their horses, mules or other dangerous animals to run at large through the streets, (drivers excepted) shall be fined one dollar for each such offence.

6. That any person or persons who shall obstruct any public street or sidewalk by placing thereon, any wood, timber or other thing, and allowing the same to remain more than twenty-four hours shall pay a fine of one dollar for each such obstruction shall remain.

7. That any grocer, bar keeper, or other person engaged in the sale of spirituous liquors, shall sell or give away, any spirituous or malt liquors on the Sabbath day shall pay a fine of one dollar for each such offence.

8. That any person who shall ride or hitch any horse, or other animal upon any sidewalk in said town or on any street or in the public square, shall pay for each offence one dollar.

9. That all persons residing within the limits of said town, be and they are hereby required to return to the Mayor, on or before the 1st day of April, a full and complete list of all subjects of taxation under the ordinances, and upon failure to list, the same shall be liable to pay a double tax.

10. That in default of the payment of any fine due for the violation of any of the Town Ordinances, the person failing to pay, shall be liable to be imprisoned not more than thirty days, at the discretion of the Mayor. Provided, that they may be released at any time upon payment of the fine and costs.

11. That any person or persons, who shall retail spirituous liquors within said incorporation, except those who obtain a regular license, shall pay a fine of twenty five dollars for each offence, and shall be liable to go to the jailer.

12. That these ordinances shall go into effect, ten days from day of publication.

13. That all persons having claims due them from the Town of Rutherfordton, be and they are hereby required, to present, to the same duly authenticated, before the Commissioners of said town to be audited and passed upon, before such claim shall be paid.

14. That the regular meeting of the Commissioners of the Town of Rutherfordton, shall be on the first Thursday in each month.

15. That for the purpose of raising sufficient revenue to defray the necessary expenses and for making repairs in said town, the following tax be levied, and collected on the subjects of taxation mentioned below, viz:

Real and Personal Property (subject to ex-emption of two hundred dollars of household and kitchen furniture)—25 cents on the \$100.
Lawyers, \$5.00
Physicians, 5.00
Circus and Menagerie, 25.00
Side Shows, 10.00
Sight of hand Performers, 10.00
Mice, Lanterns, Lecturers, or other exhibitions for pay, 5.00
Itinerant Auctioneers, 5.00
Sovereigns and Jewelers, 25.00
Bumblers, 5.00
Debutants, 5.00
Retailers of Spirituous Liquors, 5.00
Dry Good Stores, 5.00
Daguerotypes or Photographic Artists, 5.00
Tailor Shops, 5.00
Blacksmith Shops, 2.00
Wagon and Carriage Shops, 5.00
Cabinet Shops, 5.00
Printing Offices, 5.00
Insurance Agents, Labor Brokers, 5.00
Tin Yards, 5.00
Hotels, 5.00
Private Boarding Houses, 5.00
Box and Shoe Shops, 2.00
Harness and Saddle Shops, 2.00
Tin Shops, 2.50
Every Dog, over 6 months old, .25
Every Hog over 3 months old, 10
Every itinerant retail dealer in Cigars, Buggies, Wagons, Guns, Tobacco, or Tin Ware, not the growth or manufacture of Rutherford County, 3.00
Clerk of Superior Court, 3.00
Register of Deeds, 2.00
County Treasurer, 2.00

16. All persons liable for Special Tax, shall only be required to pay a proportion equal to the whole amount for the year, from the time of the commencement thereof.

17. That these ordinances are published and declared this 15 day of February 1870.

J. B. CARPENTER, Mayor.

TO PHYSICIANS.

New York, August 15th, 1868.

Allow me to call your attention to my

Preparation of Compound

EXTRACT BUCHU.

The component parts are BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBES, JUNIPER BERRIES.

MODE OF PREPARATION.—Buchu, in essence, Juniper Berries by distillation, to form a tincture. Cubes extracted by displacement with spirits obtained from Juniper Berries; very little sugar is used, and a small proportion of spirit. It is more palatable than any now in use.

Buchu, as prepared by Druggists, is of a dark color. It is a plant that emits its fragrance; the action of a flame destroys this (its active principle), leaving a dark and glutinous decoction. Mine is the color of ingredients. The Buchu in my preparation predominate; the smallest quantity of the other ingredients are added, to prevent fermentation; upon inspection, it will be found not to be a Tincture, as made in Pharmacopoeia, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can be used in cases where fever or inflammation exist. In this you have the knowledge of the ingredients and the mode of preparation. Hoping that you will favor it with a trial, and that upon inspection it will meet with your approbation.

With a feeling of confidence,
I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist, of 16 Years' Experience.

From the Largest Manufacturing Chemists in World.

NOVEMBER 4, 1854.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold; he occupied the Drug Store opposite my residence, and was successful in conducting the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise."

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of Powers & Weightman,
Manufacturing Chemists,
Ninth and Brown streets, Philadelphia.

HEMBOLD'S FLUID

EXTRACT BUCHU

Is the great specific for Universal Lassitude, Prostration, &c.

The constitution, once affected with Organic Weakness, requires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and invigorate the system, which

HEMBOLD'S EXTRACT

BUCHU

invariably does. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity ensues.

HEMBOLD'S FLUID

EXTRACT OF BUCHU,

In affections peculiar to Females, is unequalled by any other preparation, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or Suppression of Catamenial Evacuations, Ulcerated or Salivary State of the Uterus, and all complaints incident to the sex, or the decline or change of life.

HEMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT

BUCHU AND IMPROVED

ROSE WASH.

Will radically exterminate from the system diseases arising from habits of dissipation, as little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience or exposure; completely superseding those unpleasant and dangerous remedies, Copious and Mercury, in all these diseases.

USE HELMBOLD'S

Fluid Extract Buchu

In all diseases of these organs, whether arising in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter how long standing, it is pleasant in taste and odor, "immediate" in action, and more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken-down, or delicate constitutions, procure the remedy at once.

The reader must be aware that, however slight may be the attack of the above diseases, it is certain to affect the bodily health and mental powers.

All the above diseases require the aid of a Diuretic.

HEMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU

is the great Diuretic.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5.50. Delivered to any address. Describe symptoms in all communications.

Address

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE,

594 Broadway, New York.

NONE ARE GENUINE

Unless done up in steel-engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD,

18-552

The Parting Hour.

The following exquisite poem, it is asserted, was written by the late Edward Poole, the gifted California poet:

There's something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has proved it to my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those who leave behind.

No matter what the journey be—
Adventures, dangers, far
To the wild deep of the frontier,
To solitude, or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind:
And they who go are happier
Than those who leave behind.

The bridge goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubts and with tears,
But does not hope for rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears.
Alas! the mother who remains,
What cannot can she find,
But this—the gone is happier
Than those who leave behind?

Have you a friend—a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure you term of sweet discourse
At length will have an end!
And when you part—part you will—
O take it not unkind,
He who goes is happier
Than those who leave behind!

God will it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims their way,
Through weal and woe, more cheerful far
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not be happier far
Than those who leave behind?

Five Miles above the Earth.

A Thrilling Adventure.

One dull day in August, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cloet Hills, on the western edge of the centre plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it arose with amazing velocity. A mile up and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue, and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of white clouds whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth not wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and deep, dark ravines, appeared below the peak and the sides of those cloud mountain next to the sun glittering like snow, but casting shadows as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth a pigeon was loosed; it dropped down as if it was a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a barque laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsaline lake, the barque would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the mud lies as untroubled from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky it could not warm.

Up—miles above the earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dhaulagiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with great rapidity of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instrument his sight grows dim! he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the falling barometer that they are testing rapidly. Brandy is within a foot of him; he tried to reach it, but his arms refused to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up in the ring above, a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down in the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own sense failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized or tried to seize the valve, in order to let out the gas. He seized the valve with his teeth, it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to consciousness and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instruments;

but now the barometer was raising rapidly; the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. They had been higher above the earth than mortal man or any living thing had ever been before. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of a steersman whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship with its intensely rarefied gas would have been floating unattended, with two corpses in the wide realms of space.

Is it Correct English.

Nine-tenth of the invitations to weddings which I receive are engraved as follows. "Mr. and Mrs. A. P. request the pleasure of your company to witness (or sometimes more simply, "at") the marriage ceremony of their daughter." "The ceremony of their daughter." What does this mean? Suppose that the hyphen were used, (as it never is), between the two words "marriage" and "ceremony," making one compound word. This would not improve the expression, as, according to correct usage, the last limb of the composite word receives the emphasis. In either case I am invited to "the ceremony of a daughter." As it is the obvious intention to avoid the use of superfluous words, on inviting to "the ceremony of the marriage of their daughter," why not adopt the neater and more correct form "Mr. and Mrs. A. P. request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter," etc. At any rate, whatever the stationer may say, let us have no more of this familiar vulgarism, inviting us to the ceremony of a daughter, of whatever kind it may be, joyous or sad. —*Cor. N. Y. Times.*

A Son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying: "It was better he should carry the potatoes, he was fatter than the poor baste."

Shaking and Burning.

It is not necessary to journey from the tropics to Alaska in order to experience the extremes of heat and cold. Thousands undergo all the inconveniences of this thermometer change every day, or every other day, as the case may be, without the trouble of moving over the threshold. A word with the involuntary shakers. What are they doing to expedite their return to a medium temperature?—to break the chills and banish the fever? Are they dosing themselves with quinine, thereby imperiling the soundness of their bones and impairing the vigor of their brains and nervous system? Some of them are, no doubt, but not the majority of them, it is believed. The value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a harmless and certain specific for fever and ague is understood and appreciated in all parts of the country where intermittents prevail. The residents of such localities being to take it early in the spring as a protection against the miasma by which they are surrounded; not all of them, perhaps, for a blind adherence to error is the specialty of some people, but the greater number.

If there is any fixed fact in therapeutics, it is this: that the Bitters are a far better safeguard against all the varieties of periodic maladies produced by unwholesome exhalations than any drug or compound in the material medical of the profession. This assertion is made with all due respect to the faculty, but being an important truth, and one that nearly concerns the health of large settlements in various parts of the country, and indeed of the public at large, it is made fearlessly. Founded on ample and unimpeachable testimony, it defies disproval.

To break up chills and fevers, as well as to prevent them, there is nothing so reliable as this wholesome vegetable restorative.

"ALL NATURE HOPES FOR SPRING," 1870.

Wittkowsky & Binles.

THEIR SUCCESS OF AN ESTABLISHED and successful business, together with a steadily increasing CAPITAL, gives us every season, better facilities to offer greater inducements to our numerous customers, both WHOLESALE and RETAIL, and hence this notice is very timely.

Attention.
Of all. We are now making extensive purchases, which, owing to the very large increase in our business—during 1869, (the year returns will show \$27,000.00 ahead of any house in the City and figures are still on hand)—enables us to buy with impunity as to quantity, and from first hands—namely, Manufacturers, Importers and Commission Houses, thereby, saving from 10 to 25 per cent, over smaller buyers—and it is this advantage that gives us the lead in this market.

Our Stock.
Will be completed, or nearly so, by the 10th of March, and will embrace all classes of Goods necessary, either for WHOLESALE or RETAIL, to the inspection of which we invite not only those coming to this Market to purchase, also those on their way to other places for that purpose.

We offer no **BAIT**, business will be conducted, in the future, as in the past, viz: **Honorable Competition** against **Imposition** **Dry Goods Department** Will be complete, and selected with the greatest care, as to style, quality and price. **Clothing Department.** We make a specialty and invite the most fastidious to call and examine, **Boots and Shoes.** Will be brought most from manufacturers, in Boston and elsewhere, and we claim to be able to compete with all.

Hats. Will be purchased at the BROOKLYN AUCTIONS and of NEWARK MANUFACTURERS.

Hardware. Especially Table and Pocket Cutlery, we buy for cash, from the Importers.

Groceries—there comes the rub. That line of Goods we buy quantities second to no house in the City, (their assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding) and at as low figures as a dollar, consisting of 100 cents, can buy. In short, come and look at our stock, ascertain our prices, and judge for yourselves.

Millinery Department. Is complete as usual, and is presided over by Miss EREBY WITTKOWSKY, who is widely known for her superior taste in that line.

Respectfully,
Wittkowsky & Binles.
Charlotte, N. C.

No. 6 St.
Visitors please copy.

To Wholesale Dealers.

E. M. HOLT & CO.

offer the manufactures of their several mills at the Factory Prices, delivered in Charlotte, YARNS,

SHEETINGS,

SHIRTINGS,

TICKS,

AND THE WELL-KNOWN

ALAMANCE PLAIDS.

TO PLANTERS.

WE RUN TWO LARGE

FLOURING MILLS

AND ARE AGENTS FOR

OTHERS.

OUR MILLS WILL CONSUME

1500 BUSHELS

OF

WHEAT PER DAY,

which we intend to buy in the Charlotte market. Don't sell your wheat before seeing us.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED

AND OFFER TO THE

TRADE

2300

SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT.

75 SACKS

BLOWN SALT, FINE IN FOUR

BUSHEL BAGS.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON

HAND ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES.

The Largest Stock in the State.

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Refers to the Patent Office.

who has devoted 18 years to patent business, and will promptly prepare papers, drawings, &c. Terms, \$20 to \$50. Write for circular.

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PAINTS FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.

The Grafton Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in use; two coats well put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails and Wooden Ware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels and Ships' Bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being Fire and Water proof.) Floor Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 5,000 lbs. the past year) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for durability, elasticity and adhesiveness. Price \$6 per barrel of 300 lbs., which will supply a farmer for years to come. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark, Grafton Mineral Paint. Persons can order the Paint and remit the money on receipt of goods. Address, BIDWELL & CO., 254 Pearl St., N. Y.

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